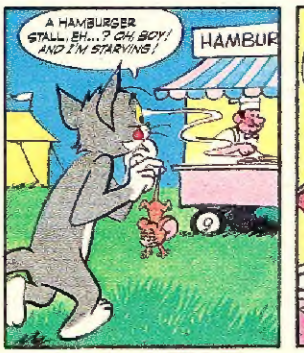
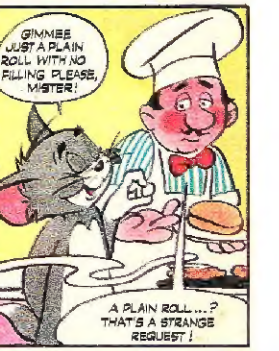
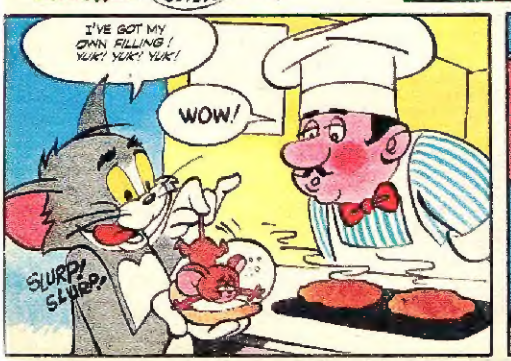
# TV COMIC 7d

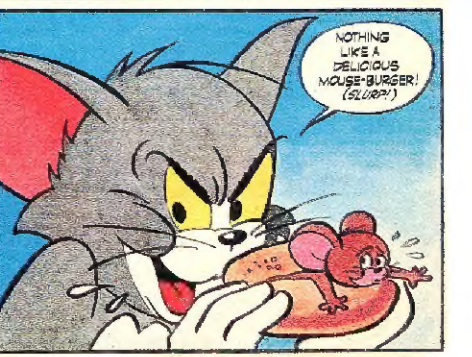
Every Monday | Week Ending 12th July, 1969 | Number 917


## TOM and JERRY





Copyright © 1969. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.



More 'tasty' fun on page 2.

HEY! SURELY YOU AIN'T GONNA EAT THAT WITHOUT SOME MUSTARD OR TOMATO KETCHUP?

EH?

WHAT'S IT TO BE? MUSTARD? OR KETCHUP?

MAKE IT KETCHUP I DON'T FANCY BEING COVERED IN MUSTARD!

WHAT THE...?

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, TOM? TE! HE! HE!

HO! HO!

GLUK!

JERRY GIVES TOM THE SLIP...

WHERE'S THAT MISERABLE MOUSE SNUCK OFF TOO?

URG!

IT'S TIME I TOOK MY LEAVE!

SECONDS LATER...

WAIT 'TIL I CATCH UP WITH YOU... YOU PESKY RODENT!

ZOOM

NOW FOR REVENGE! TE! HE!

A LITTLE KETCHUP TO ADD FLAVOURING! CHORTLE!

HAVE A NICE JUICY HAMBURGER ON ME, BUTCH!

OH, BOY! THAT'S NICE OF YOU, JERRY!

YEEOW!

BITE!

YOW! OW!

I KNEW TOM'S NASTINESS WOULD KETCH UP WITH HIM IN THE END! HE! HE!

HAR! HAR! HAR!

THROB!

THROB!

Next week Tom is electrocuted ! Watt a laugh !

TV Terrors
MEET THE STUDIO TEA LADY... MAVIS MUGGINS!
I'M SICK O' THIS JOB!
C-H-A-R-G-E!
HERE'S YOUR TEA, PRODUCER... CATCH!
PRODUCER
YAWK! I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WOMAN!
TWENTY TEA-DELIVERING MINUTES LATER...
HERE'S YOUR TEA, HOPPIT!
WHAT TEA? THERE'S ONLY A FEW COLD DRIPS LEFT!
WHY DO I ALWAYS GET ME TEA LAST...? BY THE TIME YOU GET TO ME MOST OF IT HAS SLOPPED OUT AND THE REST IS COLD!
DON'T MOAN AT ME... MOAN AT THE PRODUCER! HE'S IN CHARGE!
SO, A LITTLE LATER...
EXCUSE ME, SIR... IT'S ABOUT ME TEA!
OUTTA MY WAY... I HAVEN'T TIME TO LISTEN TO YOUR TEA PROBLEMS, HOPPIT!
HUH! MY TEA'S NOT IMPORTANT, EH...? WELL I'M GOING ON STRIKE UNTIL SOMETHING'S DONE ABOUT IT!
SO...
IN YOU GO, TERRORS! DO WHAT YOU LIKE... WRECK THE STUDIO... I'M ON STRIKE!
SEE THANKS, HOPPIT!
MINUTES LATER...
WHOOPEE!
CHARGE!
WHEEE!
LITTLE HOOLIGANS! THEY SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE! WHERE'S HOPPIT?
COME IN AND BOOT THE TERRORS OUT, HOPPIT... THEY'RE MAKING A DREADFUL DIN!
SORRY, SIR! I'M ON STRIKE UNTIL I GET MY DAILY CUPPA!
RIGHT! I KNOW HOW YOU CAN HAVE ALL THE TEA YOU WANT... I'LL ARRANGE IT IMMEDIATELY!
SO MAVIS IS GIVEN HOPPIT'S JOB...
YIKE!
WHOOPEE! THIS BEATS MAKIN' TEA!
EEOOW!
WHUMP!
AND HOPPIT... WELL, CAN'T YOU GUESS?
... WHY DIDN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT!

Boot versus brain as usual next week!

# THE AVENGERS

THE Mk. IV Mole, a boring machine that uses laser-light to tunnel at a fantastic speed, has been stolen by a gang of ruthless criminals who intend to use it for the greatest robbery of all time. Following a slender lead, Steed and Tara King arrive at a disused underground station in London close to the River Thames. There Steed finds that a goods lift has been recently used . . . but unknown to them a figure watches from the shadows.

MY MEN ARE USING THAT SPLENDID MACHINE. I... ER- BORROWED, TO BORE A TUNNEL THE SHORT DISTANCE FROM HERE TO THE TOWER OF LONDON...
THE TOWER! THEN YOU'RE AFTER...!

*Based on the Thames Television production*

Don't miss next week's dramatic continuation!

# MIGHTY MOTH

WHO'S THE LETTER FROM, DAD?
IT'S FROM A READER CALLED MARY MAGUIRE. SHE WANTS TO KNOW WHY I NEVER WIN WHEN WE HAVE BATTLES!
SHE'S RIGHT! I NEVER WIN! WHY SHOULD YOU ALWAYS COME OFF BEST?
BUT YOU CAN WIN IF YOU TRY, DAD!
GO ON - LET ME HAVE IT! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!
REALLY?
CRUNCH!
OOPS! YOU MISSED!
OW!
OOH!
AH!
CHORTLE!
LATER...
I'LL WIN SOMEHOW! THIS DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOT GUN SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
BLAM!
MISSED AGAIN! THE SHOT'S GONE THROUGH THE BACK DOOR!
IN THE GARDEN...
EEEEARGH!
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT WAS YOU!
TAKE THAT!
THUNK!
HO! HO! HO! DAD'S BEEN BASHED BY A MOE! HE CAN'T WIN HOWEVER HARD HE TRIES!
HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT I'VE LOOSENED THE FLOORBOARDS UPSTAIRS! IT'LL BE A LAUGH WHEN HE GOES TO BED TONIGHT!
BUT, UPSTAIRS...
AFTER THAT BASHING I'D BETTER FLOP ON THE BED FOR A WHILE!
CRASH!
ARGH!
I'VE WON! I'VE WON! AT LAST MIGHTY MOTH HAS COME OFF WORSE
GROAN!

Next week Dad builds some wings and gets in a flutter!

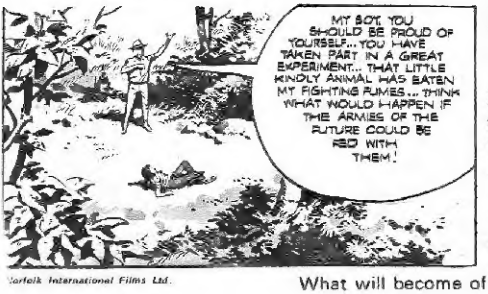
# SKIPPY
## the bush kangaroo

SKIPPY awakes one morning to see a strange man near her bush home. The man is well-dressed, but his actions are strange. He seems to be pouring some liquid over the leaves of a plant that Skippy is very fond of as food. The odour from the liquid reaches Skippy's nostrils and rouses her appetite . . .

SKIPPY LOSES NO TIME IN SAMPLING THIS DELICIOUS BREAKFAST...
EAT, MY LITTLE ONE, EAT! YOU SHALL PROVE THAT I HAVE DISCOVERED THE GREATEST DRUG IN THE WORLD!

MEANWHILE, SONNY IS LOOKING FOR HIS KANGAROO PAL...
HEY, SKIPPY, WHERE ARE YOU? WE'RE GOING TO PLAY FOOTBALL. COME ON, SKIPPY, COME AND PLAY WITH ME!

SUDDENLY SKIPPY APPEARS, BUT SHE LOOKS VERY STRANGE...
SKIPPY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU...? YOU'RE GLARING AT ME. WHAT HAVE I DONE...? I CAME OUT TO PLAY WITH YOU!

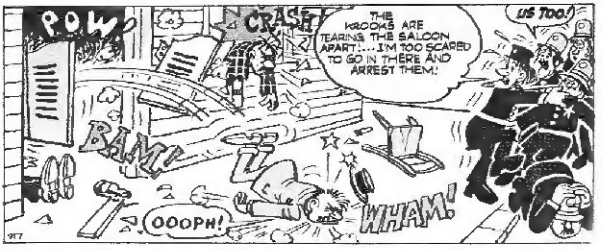

MY BOY, YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF... YOU HAVE TAKEN PART IN A GREAT EXPERIMENT... THAT LITTLE KINDLY ANIMAL HAS EATEN MY FIGHTING FUMES... THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE ARMIES OF THE FUTURE COULD BE RID WITH THEM!

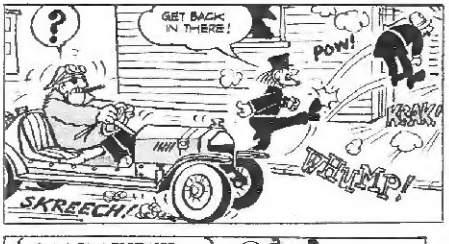
HE'S MAD! HE'S DRUGGED SKIPPY...! I MUST GET AWAY FROM HIM!
OH, NO, YOU DON'T... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ANYBODY... YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH ME!

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

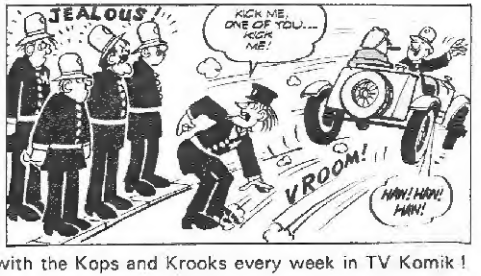
What will become of Sonny ? See next week's gripping episode !

# *Bob Monkhouse's* MAD MOVIES *featuring the Keystone Kops*





I'M A FILM PRODUCER AND I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU... HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE A STUNTMAN?... I'LL PAY YOU A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK!
I'M YOUR MAN, MR. PRODUCER...! THAT WOULD BE EASY AFTER THIS LOT!




Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

Keep kackling with the Kops and Krooks every week in TV Komik !

# BASIL BRUSH

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS ABOUT KITES, CHUMMERS. FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL KITE FLYING...

COR, GUV! SHE'S A BEAUTY!

STRUTH, GUV... THERE'S NOT A BREATH OF WIND... IT'S NO GOOD FOR KITE FLYING TODAY!

NONSENSE, CHUMMERS... WE'LL HAVE TO TOW IT UP INTO THE SKY!

IF I CAN ONLY (PUFF) RUN FAST ENOUGH (PUFF)

IT'S NO GOOD, GUV... GIVE M'IT H'UP!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THE KITE TO FLY WITHOUT WIND, GUV... LEAVE M'IT TILL TOMORROW!

NONSENSE, CHUMMERS... I WON'T (PUFF) BE BEATEN!

GIVE ME THAT BIKE, CHUMMERS... I'LL PEDAL FAST ENOUGH TO HAUL THE KITE OFF THE GROUND!

WOW, GUV, LET'S NOT GET RECKLESS... WAIT FOR SOME WIND.

FORD MOTOR CABLE TO FLOOD

GREAT FABULOUS FLIERS... IT'S WORKING... LOOK AT THE KITE, CHUMMERS!

NEVER MIND THAT, GUV... THERE'S A STREAM A'EAD!

NOW PERHAPS THE GUV WILL FORGET KITES FOR H'ABIT!

BUT NO! HALF-AN-HOUR LATER...

THE JOLLY OLD CAR SHOULD GIVE US ENOUGH SPEED, RIGHT, CHUMMERS! DRIVE ON...

H'I'E YOU H'INSIST, GUV...

LOOK AT THIS, CHUMMERS OLD CHAP... EVERYTHING'S TURNED OUT RIGHT AFTER A...

DIVERSION WILL CLOSED TO TRAFFIC

ERRRR... SPEAKING OF TURNING RIGHT, GUV... LOOK!

DIVERSION HILL CLOSED TO TRAFFIC

'OLD H'ON, GUV... WHOOPS!

GREAT SUDDEN SURPRISES! I'M FLYING NOW... OGIFF!

H'I DID TRY H'ARD WHEN YOU, GUV...

THEN YOU DIDN'T TRY HARD ENOUGH, CHUMMERS. WHEN I MUST SIT DOWN...

OOOO HELP! NOW WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

STOP — SOMEONE!

STOP, GUV... STOP!

GREAT RACING RUNAWAYS! I ONLY WISH I COULD, CHUMMERS.

THIS REALLY IS THE LOW SPOT OF MY DAY! OUCH!

CRASH!

SMASHING BIT OF KITE FLYING, GUV... YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T BE BEATEN...

I'VE BEEN BEATEN ALL RIGHT. BLACK AND BLUE! AND BY A KITE TOO, GARCAN!

Another mansionful of mirth with Basil and Chummers next week!

# ARTHUR and his Square Knights of the Round Table

A LARGE VULTURE HAS TAKEN RESIDENCE NEAR ARTHUR'S CASTLE...

FLAP FLAP FLAP

FLAP FLAP

HELP! PUT ME DOWN!

A LITTLE LATER...

HEY! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALL ALONE...! TAKE ME BACK TO THE CASTLE!

AND SO IT GOES ON...

HERE COMES FRED... SOON EVERY KNIGHT IN THE CASTLE WILL BE UP HERE!

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST BIRDS LIKE THAT!

GRR!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CASTLE...

WHERE ON EARTH HAVE ALL MY MEN GONE...? THE CASTLE'S DESERTED!

WOW! THEY MUST'VE ALL BEEN CARRIED OFF BY THAT VULTURE!

MINUTES LATER, BROADBASE ATTACKS...

OH, NO! I CAN'T HOLD BACK BROADBASE'S MOB ALONE!

BATTERED

MOAN! GROAN!

VICTORIOUS

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH... NOW THE VULTURE'S CARRYING ME OFF! HELP!

PLOP

HURRAH!

IT'S THE KING!

ARTHUR SOON REALISES SOMETHING...

OH, BOY! WHAT A STRATEGIC POSITION... WE'RE RIGHT OVER BROADBASE'S CASTLE!

SO...

HO! HO! HO!

WHAT SUPER REVENGE... I DON'T THINK BROADBASE THINKS IT'S MUCH OF A JOKE THOUGH! HA! HA! HA!

SPLUTT!

CRACK

SPLUDGE!

YEK!

URK!

Big laughs when Arthur becomes four inches high next week!

Air Programs International

MAKE WALL'S WONDERMAN LAUGH AND WIN £££'s

SEND ME YOUR FUNUNDRUM —AND WIN MONEY! EVERY WEEK I'M GIVING AWAY £££'s! SEE DETAILS ON MY THIRST-CRUSHING TWIN-TASTE WOPPA WRAPPERS!

RASPBERRY ORANGE

ORANGE LEMON

BANANA CHOCOLATE

Wall's

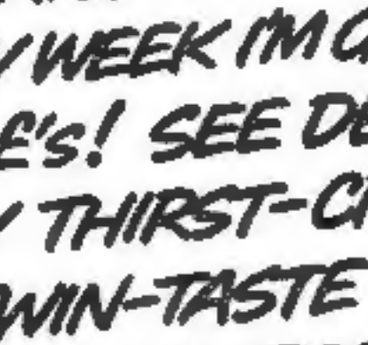
TWIN-TASTE WOPPAS

ONLY 4d

GET THEM WHERE YOU SEE THE MIGHTY SHIELD OF WALL'S WONDERMAN!

LINTAS IMP 17-0061-60

**FUNUNDRUM**
**What do you call a camel with three humps?**



ANSWER: HUMPHREY

This Funundrum sent in by Adrian Berg of Wallington, won him £1.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS..
DYNAMITE BUT THEN IT MITE NOT
GOLD MINE
I'M GONNA DO THIS HERE ROBBERY IN STYLE-NO SNEAKY STEALING AND RUNNING AWAY! NO, SIR! STICK 'EM UP! THAT'S WHAT I'M AGONNA SAY!
STICK 'EM UP! AND DON'T GIVE ME NO TROUBLE, COZ I'M A GONNA HELP MYSELF TO YOR GOLD!
AH, SAY DOC- ARE YOU GOING TO DIG A HOLE SOMEWHERE AND BURY THAT GOLD?
AND SUPPOSING I AM- WHUT'S THAT TO YOU?
WELL I WAS JUST TRYING TO BE HELPFUL - I THOUGHT IF YOU TOOK THIS DYNAMITE IT WOULD SAVE YOU SOME WORK!
...AND SO IT WOULD!
SAY! THANKS CRITTER! I APPRECIATE THIS!
OH, THINK NOTHING OF IT. ONLY YOU WANT TO BE CARREFUL WITH THAT STUFF...
THE FUSE HAS A TENDENCY TO GO OUT- IT'S BEST TO KEEP AN EYE ON IT ALL THE TIME JUST IN CASE...
OKAY! I WILL! THANKS AGAIN, CRITTER!
LATER...
YOU SAY HE WENT AWAY TO BURY THE GOLD HE STOLE...? WELL MAYBE HE'LL COME BACK FOR MORE, EH?
THAT'S VERY LIKELY, SHERIFF!
OKAY, IN THAT CASE YOU HAD BETTER MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE! I'LL WAIT HERE FOR HIM!
RM.
LATER STILL...
THAT CRITTER TOLD ME TO WATCH THE FUSE IN CASE IT WENT OUT.. AND I DID! AND IT DIDN'T! AND IT NEAR TO BLASTED MY HEAD OFF!
AND THERE HE IS! ALL SMUG AND SURE OF HIMSELF - WELL I'LL TEACH HIM NOT TO BE SO SMART!
OKAY, RABBIT! THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO MAKE A FOOL OF ME AGAIN!
BLAST
SAY... YOU'RE NOT A RABBIT?
DID YOU BLAST ME JUST TO DRAW MY ATTENTION TO THAT FACT?
WELL OKAY THEN HERE'S YOUR ANSWER... NO!! I AM NOT A RABBIT!
BLAST
HI, DOC... WHO'S WINNING?
SAY WHAT'S A'GOING ON? AIN'T YOU THE OWNER OF THAT THERE MINE?
NOPE! I JUST HAPPENED TO BE LEANING AGAINST THE OFFICE WHEN YOU CAME ALONG...
THEN WHO'S THAT I'M A SHOOTIN' AT?
THAT'S THE SHERIFF - BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU! I'M JUST BEGINNING TO ENJOY THIS.

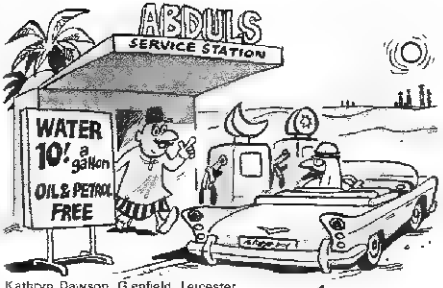
Copyright © 1969 Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Don't miss next week's Bugs Bunny Show!

# Pick of the Jokes

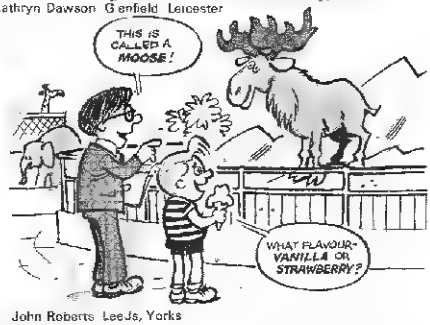
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Steven Williams, Sheffield, Yorks




Kathryn Dawson, Glenfield, Leicester

Ian Lack, Nr. Wolverhampton, Staffs



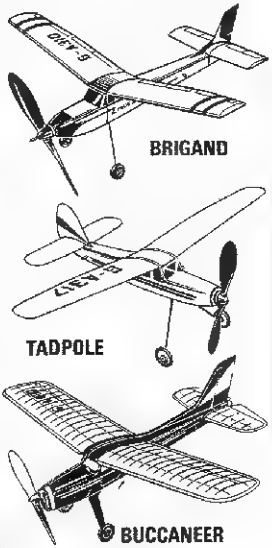

John Roberts, Leeds, Yorks


# FROG Fix'n'Fly Rubber Powered MODEL AIRPLANES

These big, colourful long flying models are made from tough plastic (in some cases combined with unbreakable nylon). Easy to assemble, give hours of pleasure!

Complete service in maintenance parts available

Visit your Model Shop or send a stamped addressed envelope for illustrated leaflet




Tadpole No. F317
Wing Span 14" 18/11

Brigand No. F310
Wing Span 21" 25/-

Bantam No. F319
Wing Span 25" 35/11

Spitfire No. F315
Wing Span 19" 35/11

Buccaneer No. F318
Wing Span 18" 35/11

**A.A.HALES LTD** P.O.BOX 33, HINCKLEY, LEICESTERSHIRE.

# Andy Pandy and Tingha and Tucker

*appear every week in*

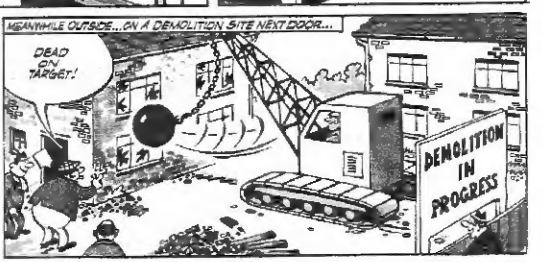
# Playland

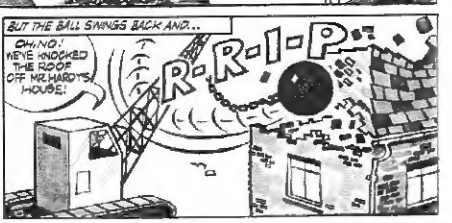
You can also read the adventures of Hector's House, Tich and Quackers, Camberwick Green and other TV favourites. Every Monday. Price 7d.

Larry Harmon's

# LAUREL & HARDY

© 1969 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation





TV Comic incorporating TV Express & Rocket and TV Land is printed in Great Britain by Samuel Stephen Ltd., Upper Norwood, S.E.19, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd., Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London E.C.4. Trade distributors The Argus Press Ltd., 12/18 Paul Street, London E.C.2. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand, Messrs. Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd.; South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd. © Polystyle Publications Ltd., 1969

# Doctor WHO

THROUGH a keyhole Dr. Who has been watching three rich boys play football in a hotel suite. When their guardian ticks them off the boys plot to steal his private plane. The Doctor tries to stop the boys running off with the aircraft's keys only to be knocked out . . .

THE DOCTOR TELLS ALL...

WHEN THE DOCTOR REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
WHO ARE YOU...? AND WHERE ARE THE BOYS?
I'LL DO MY BEST TO EXPLAIN IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME RECOVER!

...SO FAR AS I KNOW THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY TO THE AIRFIELD NOW!
... AND IT'S SUNDAY... THE PLACE IS UNATTENDED... OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND CATCH UP WITH THEM!

THE SINISTER FITZ-WALKER HAS A SPECIAL REASON FOR WANTING HIS WARDS STOPPED BEFORE THEY REACH THE AIRCRAFT...

I'LL GET AFTER THEM UNDER MY OWN STEAM! YOU FOLLOW IN YOUR CAR!
MY HENCHMEN ARE STEALING IMPORTANT WEAPON SECRETS FROM A NUCLEAR ARSENAL NEAR THE AIRFIELD!..
... THEY'RE GOING TO USE MY PLANE FOR THEIR GETAWAY! THOSE TEARAWAYS MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE THEY RUIN EVERYTHING...

FITZ-WALKER AND CHESTER ARE SOON IN PURSUIT...

I'VE BEEN PLANNING THIS RAID ON THE NUCLEAR ARSENAL FOR MONTHS... IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME!
DON'T WORRY, SIR... WE'LL REACH YOUR PLANE AHEAD OF THE LITTLE BRATS!

BUT A PROTEST MARCH SPOILS CHESTER'S PROPHECY...

© BBC tv 1969

JUST THEN...

DON'T WORRY, MR. FITZ-WALKER... I'LL CATCH UP WITH YOUR BOYS!

...WHY, IT'S THAT DOCTOR FELLOW!

LATER, IN A COUNTRY LANE NOT FAR FROM THE AIRFIELD...

HEY, LOOK... THAT NOSEY PARKER WHO BURST INTO OUR HOTEL ROOM IS AFTER US!

THE KIDS TAKE ACTION...

THROW OUR LUGGAGE AT HIM, LADS.

HEY!

CRASH

OOPH!

YOUNG HOOLIGANS!

WHEN DR. WHO FINALLY REACHES THE AIRFIELD...

PRIVATE AIRFIELD

BY THE POWERS... THEY'RE AIRBORNE!

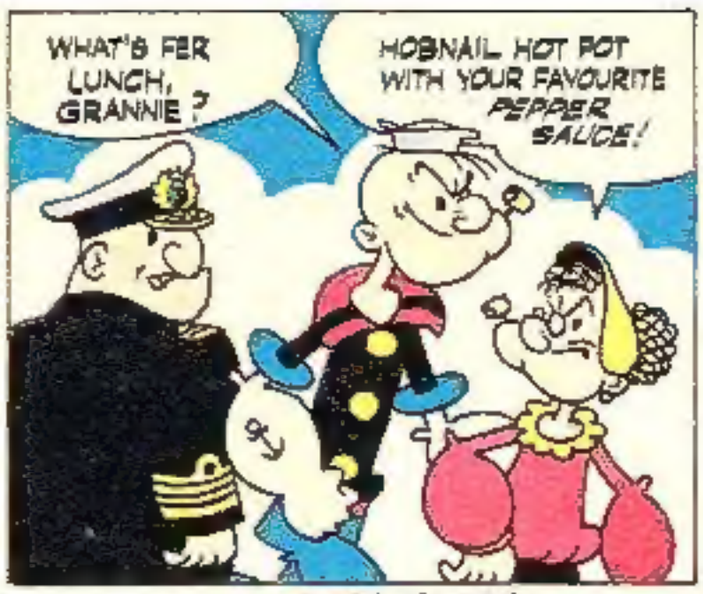
...BUT JUDGING BY THE WAY THE PLANE'S LURCHING AND PLUNGING... NOT FOR LONG!

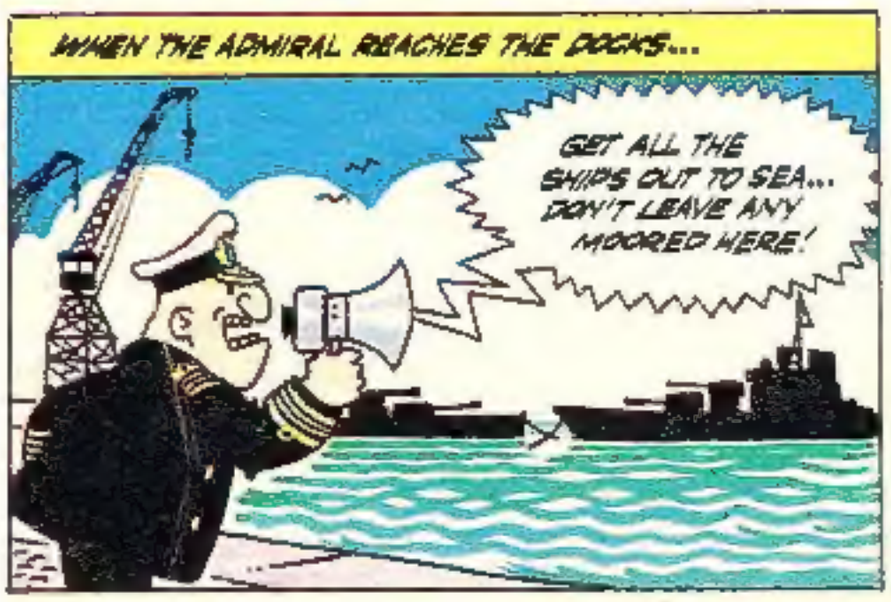
ABOARD THE AIRCRAFT... CECIL IS AT THE CONTROLS...

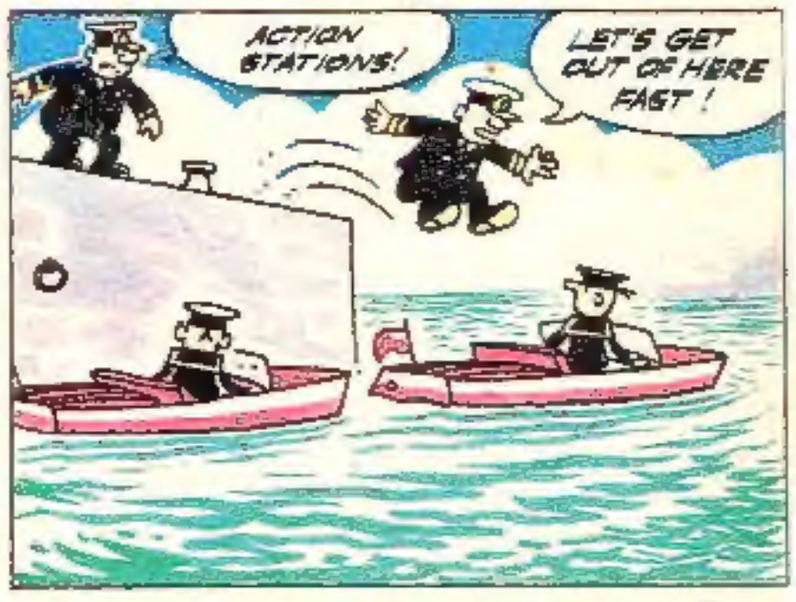
I'VE GOT THIS THING INTO THE AIR BUT I CAN'T THINK HOW WE'RE GOING TO GET DOWN!

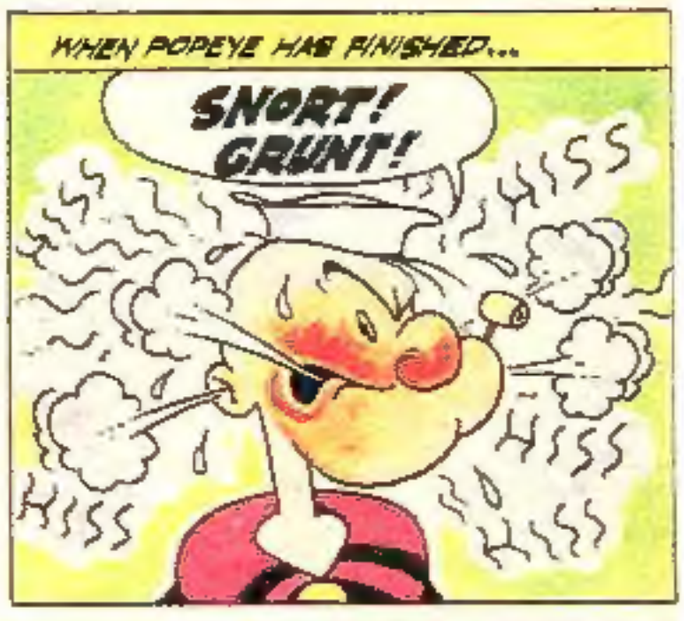
What will become of the tearaway trio ? See next week !

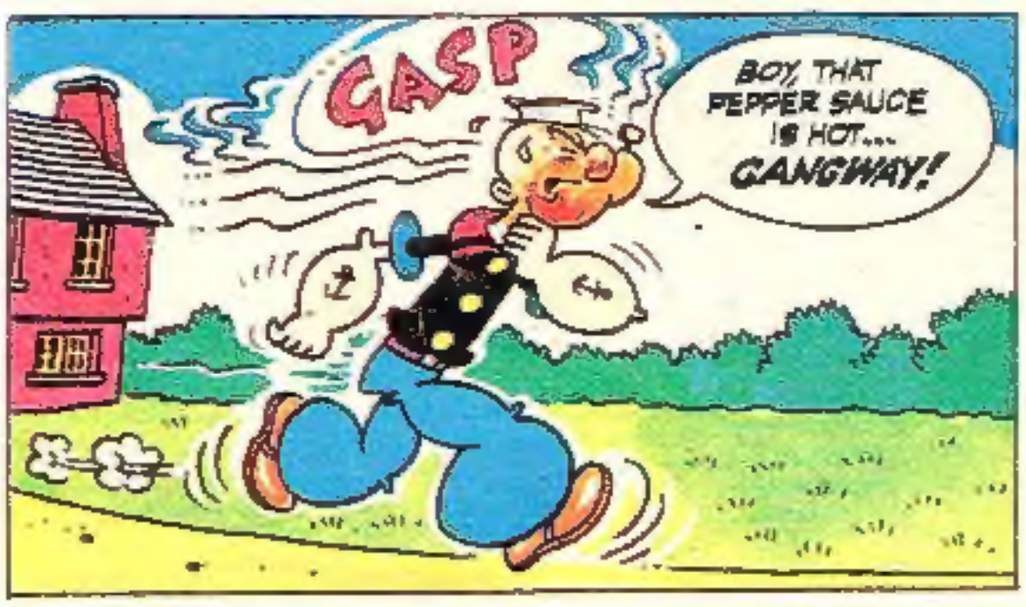
# POPEYE

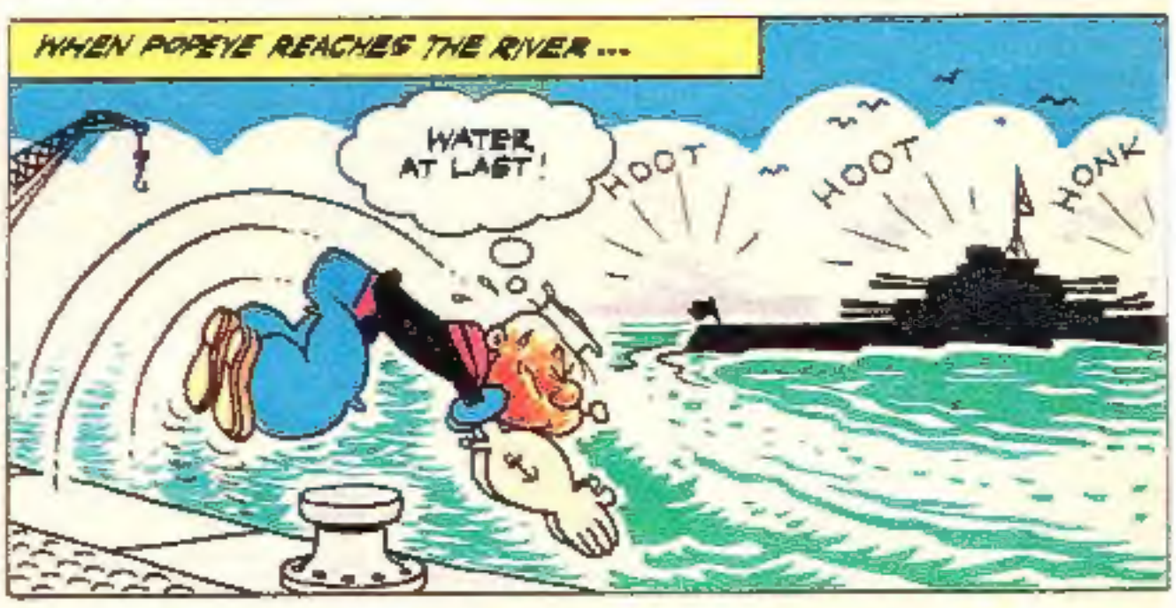


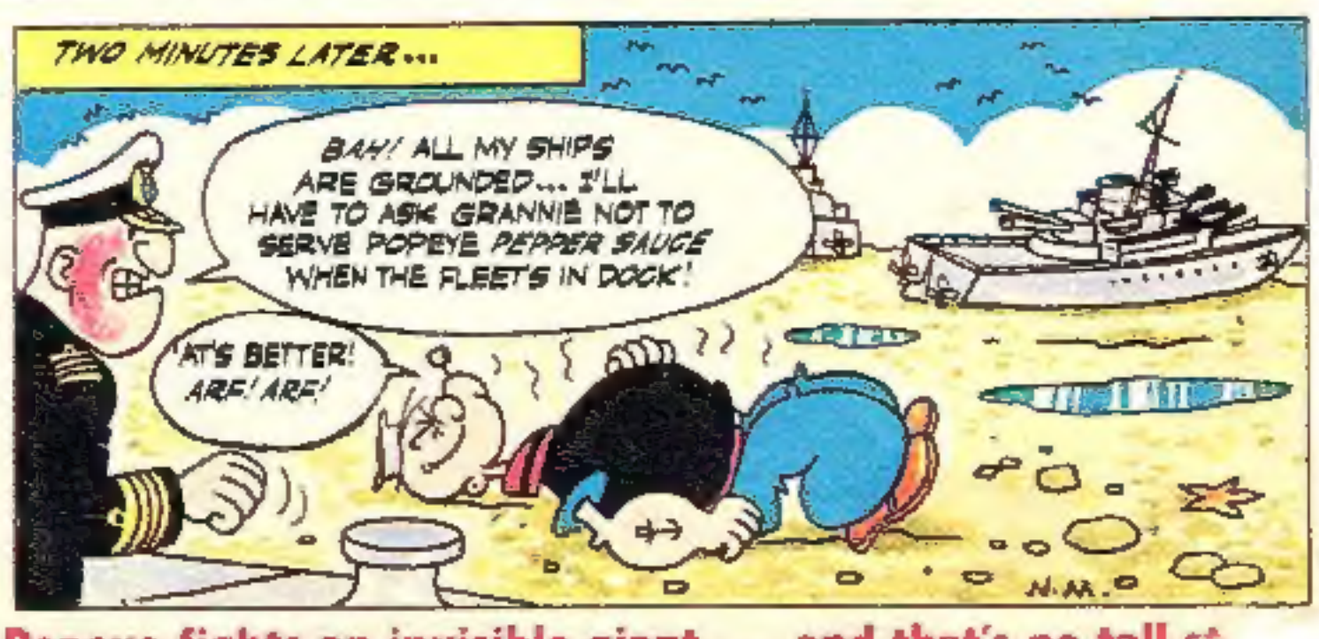







TWO MINUTES LATER...
BAH! ALL MY SHIPS ARE GROUNDED... I'LL HAVE TO ASK GRANNIE NOT TO SERVE POPEYE PEPPER SAUCE WHEN THE FLEET'S IN DOCK!
AT'S BETTER! ARF! ARF!
N.M.O

© 1969. King Features Syndicate Inc.

**Next week Popeye fights an invisible giant . . . and that's no tall**